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1875

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History of the Village

and its vicinity, well worthy of preservation. Besides local features, it is hoped to make the Cor respondence, Original and Selected Articles of Literature, etc., racy and attractive as well as highsoned and thoroughly moral in tendency.

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE

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Whole No. 116

-Measure for Measure, Act 3, Scene

view of the matter taken in "The Tem

As dreams are made of, and our little life

Ah, but to die and go we know not where

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;

This sensible warm motion to become

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed i-s :

Imagine howling.

To be imprisoned in the viewless winds

And blown with restless violence roundabout.

The pendant world ; or to be worse than worst

Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

They say, in case of your most royal person,

That if your highness should intend to sleep,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;

t were but necessary you were waked

Lost, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber

The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.

From all these quotations it seems

Chinese Dinner Etiquette.

an official Chinese banquet at which he

was present. The guests, he says, having

all assembled in the outer courtyard of

the house, the doors were thrown open

by two Coolies, who admitted them into

a second courtyard. Here they were re-

ceived by a flourish of trumpets, some

discordant Chinese music, and the firing

laid in the presence of the guests.

remarkable that at a banquet of this kind

the host only appears in official costume,

was seventeen." "I thought you had

forgotten it, or you wouldn't always be

is not quite as cool as the paper which

Smith is being run over by the cars."

can't spell correctly.

were impertinent to their elders.

the guests being all in mufti.

Herr Von Fries, an Austrian employee

Yet, notwithstanding such a straight edict,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts

A kneaded clod, and the delighted spiri

We are such stuff

thy best of rest is sleep,

Vol. III. No. 12

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S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1875.

From the Rural New Yorker. HOW MRS. POLLY HAD THE BLUES.

BY LUCY C. ORDWAY.

"There is nothing like a real, good, oldfashioned rag carpet for steady, every-day wear, I think," remarked Mrs. Polly in one of her long sentences without any commas. "We've worn out three in our kitchen, and I have almost enough for ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY another.

She brought from the storeroom a NEWARE, N. J. huge basket of tangled strips, ready cut for joining, and another of tightly-wound balls. There were bits of bonnet strings that had seen better days, suggestions of dresses that had been the pride of the Grades given, either by Contract or by Day Work three-years-old baby not many months ago, a piece of James' old coat and half of the cravat which he had worn at his wedding. James had only been married a year. There was the old red tablecloth, too, cut into bright ribbons ; "for," said Mrs. Polly, when she b ought it to the sacrifice, "it's only cotton, and is about worn out, anyway." That was the day when Martha secretly hid her new white lawn, for "when mother once succumbed to the carpet fever, every piece of dry goods in the house might tremble with fear !" Ah! if the soft heap in

> that basket could but speak, what tales it could unfold ! "I'll just count the balls, I guess, and see how many pounds I have," said Mrs. Polly to herself. Let me see. I should think they would each weigh a pound, at least"-balancing one in her hand. She considered a moment, then rose from her chair and walked into the kitchen. Presently she returned and brought with her the steelyards. "I never did believe in those new-fangled weighing affairs," Mrs. Polly had often said, when remonstrated with by her daughter for her affection for the old steelyards that had been part of her dower. One of the balls was now hung upon the hook, and Mrs. Polly stood, breathlessly awaiting the result. It marked just one pound, which seemed to afford her great satisfaction. She sat down and began to count the balls, but suddenly a new thought seemed to disturb her, for the counting ceased, and she deliberately turned the basket over, letting all the balls roll out. Then she laid all the vellow ones togethwhite in another, and so on, till they were all sorted out. The blue pile prov-

ed to be very small indeed-only one Julia," remarked Mrs. Polly to her daughter, who had just entered the room, "I do believe I shall have to color some more blue. I haven't enough cut to make another ball. Now I think of it, those painters left a pot of blue stuff in the cellar last fall, and I shouldn't be Both permanent and transient guests accommo- surprised if it was just the thing."

There is no time like the present for Mrs. Polly, so her daughter was not surprised to see her rise and proceed at once to the cellar. After a few minutes she returned triumphantly, bringing the "blue stuff" with her. Not long after a kettle was put over the fire, and Mrs. Polly might have been seen rushing fran-This Hotel was established in 1809, and has retically over the house in search of rags. ently been handsomely refitted. A first-class Res-

"Mother, don't take my new silk dress," cried Julia from the sitting-room. "Spare my coat," sang out James, Junior, from the back porch. "The best tablecloths are in the top drawer, screamed somebody else from the front hall; but Mrs. Polly maintained a digni fied and severe silence in the midst of all this tumult, and calmly plunged into the boiling liquid a whole armful of suspicious looking garments.

"Julia, Julia, come and see what a beautiful color this is !" exclaimed Mrs. Polly, lifting the smoking cloth up and thankful to those painters."

It was not long after this that the afternoon Mrs. Polly, well pleased with her success, sat down in her low rocker to cut the beautiful new strips.

"These rags are so thin, I believe can tear them," she said to herself, and the thought was forthwith put into exe-

"Mother, what a dust you are making !" complained the daughter, who did fancy work. "Well, colored rags always make a

dust when they are torn," replied the mother. "It won't hurt anything." "I should think not ! Just look at my work !" and she held up a bit of embroid-

ery, covered with a fine blue dust. Mrs. Polly does not believe in sewing rags for a carpet. She cuts a slit in the end of one, rounds the corners of another, then loops them together, and it does not take half the time. So this afternoon the blue balls were nearly completed before the door bell rang and admit-

ted the omnipresent agent. "Madam, can I sell you a beautiful Bible this afternoon? It is very finely infirmity is known, and we will take care illustrated, and has extra fine paper,

and I Children and Stanking O'kla "We are not in need of anything of the kind to-day," said Mrs. Polly, look a mourning suit. Shopman-What is ing despairingly around for the fancy- the bereavement, may I ask? Custome. work daughter, who had suddenly disap- -My mother-in-law. Shopman-Mr. peared. Every one knew that Mrs. Pol- Brown, show the gentleman to the light ly was utterly powerless before an agent. affliction department.

"Just allow me to show it to you" went on the man, drawing a chair beside her and gazing on her face with a kind of fascination.

"Don't spend your time, sir; I shall not care to buy it to-day." "Oh, it is no trouble madam," still to my customers," politely.

her reputation, she rose suddenly and said "and besides, I shall not buy so there isn't the slightest use of your asting your time further."

The agent, too, arose, with an angry flush, and once more, with that scrutinizing gaze, remarked, "We have them in blue binding, if you prefer," with a strong emphasis on the blue. "I want neither blue nor black,

ny other color !" following him and closing the door behind him. "I can't think what made him gaze at me," thought Mrs. Polly, going back to her work. "These agents are so in

The blue balls lay on top of the baslooked at them. Evening shadows b gan to creep in through the window, and Mrs. Polly sat back in her comfortable chair and fell fast asleep. She was pell, and going into the dining-roo ound the family seated around the tabl Engaged with her own thoughts, at was wondering if she could get old Ma lones to weave the carpet for her; bu she soon became aware of the same cu rious gaze bent upon her from the men pers of her family that had so disturbed her in presence of the agent.

"What are you all looking at?" sh exclaimed at last. "I really should like to know what is the matter with me; and she put her hand up to her hair. one at the table, was her reply.

"My goodness, mother !" said Jame "What have you been doing, mother?

Do tell us!" exclaimed another. dear, I shall die laughing !" "You are a sight, that's a fact," the fancy-work daughter. "I wish

mother's got the blues! Mrs. Polly flew to the glass, and 'sight," sugely enough, met her gaze, Her face, hair, dress-in fact, every inch of her, from top to toe, was covered with fine, penetrating blue dust, from the rags

she had colored. Where she had put her fingers on her face there were long blue streaks. A ring blue ran around her neck and deep-blue lines defined the eyes and nose. Blues indeed! She certainly had them. To say that one batl ing sufficed would not be telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Mrs. Polly tried soft soap and hard soap, bay rum, alcohol and am monia. When she was absent you might be sure of finding her in the bath-room.

down on a stick. "I'm sure I am very set away in the attic for a rest, and Mrs. himself, and his highest motive is rebright blue rags were hung on the line blue dress, or in fact anything that has Hamlet express his cheapest thoughts in the back porch to dry, and that very that color, since. She even talks of paper- about the matter-such doubts as the

arithmetic calculates thus-Two glances make one look; two looks make one sigh; four sighs make one waltz; three waltzes make one palpitation; two palpitations make one call; two calls make one attention; two attentions make one fool (sometimes two); two fools make one flirtation; one flirtation plus two boquets equal to one engagement, equal to one mar-

KIND .- A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and excused his conduct by saying that it was a sort of temporary in sanity that now and then came upon him When he arose to take his leave, the pitying damsel said to him, "If you have any more such fits coming on you, yo had better come right here, where you

LIGHT APPLICTION. - Customer-I want

From the N. T. Graphic Shakespeare's Religion. And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st Thy death, which is no more.

DID HE NOT BELIEVE DEATH TO BE AN

ETERNAL SLEEP ? Mr. George Wilkes's endeavor to prove Shakespeare to have been an adherent of looking fixedly at her. "My time belongs the Catholic faith under the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, though marked by all "But I have no time," exclaimed Mrs. | the writer's vigor and perspicuousness of Polly in despair; and, for once belying thought and nervousness of style, does not seem entirely successful, or to be rounded on a just cone ption of Shakespeare or his age. A diligent reader of the great dramatist sees so may obstacles in the way of forming a settled conclusion in regard to what Shakespeare's views of God and immortality really were that sometimes the conclusion seems to be forced upon him that the man was so thoroughly in love and sympathy with God's highest creation-humanity-that he cared not for anything beyond it. This view may, of course, be erroneous, but it

is one which it is hardly possible to avoid and upon what other hypothesis is it pospertinent, I have no patience will sible to explain those passages in Ham let, for instance, in which if Shakespeare had not felt doubt he could not have ket, and the owner felt very proud as she expressed it? Maudlin sentimentality and overstrained sentiment in regard to the great problems of God and soul were not usual in Elizabeth's time as they are now since those questions have come to us aroused by the singing of the supper through Rousseau and Novalis and their congeners. The sickly despair, so trun pery that its expression may readily be imitated by the slightest of poets, was unknown then; the men whose thoughts have come down to us thought vigorously when they thought at all about a future life and the deity. Shakespeare invariably makes his weak characters perplexed and worried by the "problems of the soul," as Father Hecker would call them; he seems to bring them on the nal sleen. stage to show how unmanly vacillation and weak conduct are born-not of doubt A burst of laughter, echoed by every as to receved opinions in regard to the unknown, or of utter disbelief in themwhen he could speak, "where have you of living thelife of intelligent and moral animals. The character of Hamlet, for instance, is not a great one ; far from it; Dear, lit is a very weak character, and many an

but of worrying over them at all, instead factor has failed in representing Dend mark's unhappy prince, as many a critic has failed in understanding him, because remarked Julia aff on the surface. He does not deeply ponder the mysteries thrust upon him a does not lay his plots well-indeed accident lays them for him-expresses doubts which Shakespeare well knew to be those of a superficial mind, and never goes below the surface in anything. Into the mouth of such a man and "philosopher Shakespeare puts suitable expressions, as those in the churchyard scene, where the

clown talks quite as rationally and profoundly as the Prince and student: Hamlet-What man dost thou dig it for ! First Clown-For no man, sir. Hamlet-What woman, then? First Clown-For none, neither. Hamlet-Who is to be buried in it?

First Clown-One that was a woman, sir ; but, res out his seat, and handing him with many complements a set of red lacquered chop-This is quite as fine and philosophical Julia scrubbed her hair at intervals for as Hamlet's saying "Alexander died, Alpleted, the comyany sat down to dinner. exander was buried, Alexander returneth "Ladies often color their hair, I am into dust; the dust is earth, of earth we with ham, eggs, and various cold vegetatold," said Mrs. Polly, "but I am sure make leam, and why of that loam wherethat I am the first woman who ever dyed to he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?"-and it is, moreover, There was a roar when she related her quite as fine and exhaustive as the solilo experience with the agent, and even Mrs. quy. To be a bung-hole stopper or 'not Polly could not help laughing when she to be a bung-hole stopper is a question recalled the remark about the blue bind - over which one may well ponder, balancing. The subject afforded the younger ing the circumstances of life against members of the family material for many those of non-existence; but we may well a joke and sly thrust, and Mrs. Polly be- doubt that Shakespeare would ever put came wary of mentioning anything con- it in the mouth of a serious man who cerning color, for some one was always should be his mouthpiece. Hamlet is alsure to say "blue." The carpet rags were ways halting, befuddling and gibing

Polly never colored any blue from that venge demanded by superstition. Shakeday. She has never had a blue bow, a speare doubted, but not thus; he makes ing over the front chamber, which at sentimental Prince would be likely to be present sports a blue figure in its paper pestered by. The dramatist's belief in immortality cannot justly be argued from this play. Nor can it be argued from any SENTIMENTAL ARITHMETIC. -Sentimental other; indeed, in all the plays the word "immortality" occurs but once, and that once, singularly enough, in "Pericles," I have thrown together a few expressions in the dramas which seem to show that, while indifferent to religious matters, Shakespeare really had a belief in the mortality of the soul :

-but what'er I am, Nor I, nor any man that but man is, With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd With being nothing .- Richard II., Act 5, Scene 5. Nothing can we call our own but death, and that small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones. The arbitrator of despairs, ust Death, klnd umpire of men's miseries. -First Part Heavy VI., 2-5. Macbeth, who after all, was a man who

knew how to act and whem Shakespeare vidently believed in, says : Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more ; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fuss, Signifying nothing .- Macbeth, 5-5. In "Measure for Measure" are the fol-

lowing lines: Reason thus with life : If I do lose thee, I lose a thing That none but fools would keep ; a breath

Edward Greey and other trav liers in China. tell as that kissing is unknown in that flowery kingdom, even lovers ignor ing the luxury. Similar statements are made regarding some African tribes. But we have never heard this abstinence attributed to any apprehension of peril or demordization. Among European

A Questionable Custom.

and Western nations generally, the custom has long been regarded with great indulgence. Few persons, perhaps, ever dream of any evil in it, at least, as a promiseuous practice, a form of general salutation. Such will be surprised at the warning of dauger that comes from the pen of Mrs. Jane Gray Swisshelm. Tue lady is well known as a vigorous journal-In these expressions there is no halting ist, and she has attained an age which utterance. Death is the cessation of life, ought to qualify her to speak with authorand that is all. This is certainly neithity on this "tinder subject" We will er the view of the Catholic nor of an t her atter her warning in her own 'earnest inquirer" who will shortly go words, premising, by the way, that cerinto the Church; it is, moreover, said ain church customs to which she refers by the Duke in the guise of a friar. The are strange to us. They may be common in the West where she resides. Taking as a text a recent shocking example which needs no specification, she goes on to my that all the orthodox churches in the country have, for a century, been teach-The following quotations are made at ing that promiseuous kissing is a most random from the plays. Their drift is innoceut amusement-nay, more, a means of sauctification. This assertion will doubtless shock the reader, but we invite his attention to the proof.

In what direction have the American churches so persistently exerted their influence as in efforts to suppress dancing? Rythmical motion to music, by persens of opposite sexes in company, has been earnestly and constantly denounced as the inspirer of unballowed passion, and those who engaged in promisenous dancing have been denounced as enemies to chastity, and expelled from churches, unless the dancing were accompanied by kissing. If four men and four women And charge that no man should disturb your rest. went through the figure of a quadrille to the sound of any music that of an intrument, of other voices, or of their ow and did not kiss each other during or at the close of the performance, they had violated the rules of the church, had gone over to the world's people, and deserved -Second Part of King Henry VI., Act 3, Scene 3. expulsion from the fold; but let them go through precisely those same figures and pretty clear that Shakespeare's belief motions, to exactly the same tune, and in regard to the "great problem" was not only uncatholic, but unchristian even, each one of the four men kiss every one of the four women, and it was all right, and that he looked on death as an eter-The promiscuous kissing sanctifies the promiscuous dancing. Dancing, unrelieved by kissing, is of the devil; but dancing liberally interspersed with kissing is of the church? in the Chinese custom service, describes

If any one doubts this let him attend an evening party in the house of some pious deacon, where "kissing plays" are the substitute for dancing ; let him watch the company go through the motions of Dear Sister Phobe," 'The White Cockade," or any other of the plays in which the motions are regulated by music ; and he must see the senctifying influence of

third courtyney then proceeded to the house received them, and showed them into the dining-room, which is only divi-Another way in which kissing has been ded from the courtward by a glass partimade common is the general habit of In the middle of the room was a teaching nay, constraining children to large round table, and against the walls kiss every visitor and casual acquaintance were chairs, with a small table before of the family. Now, a little girl seens each to put tea-cups on, tea being served tomed to be kissed by men outside her mmediately before dinner. The walls own family loses Nature's principal safevere covered with Chinese pictures, and guard to virtue. That exclusiveness, that numberless lamps and lanterns hung from instinct of the pure mind, which shrinks the ceiling. After a short conversation in the Chinese language, the table was from personal contact with any unloved object, is a guard set by Nature over personal purity and personal safety. One When all was ready the host asked eac. guest to come to the table, pointing of the first lessons a child should be taught is to permit no stranger to touch it, and resent with all its force any per

sticks. When this ceremony was com-I always look with apprehension to the Rice wine was first brought up, together future of a child who goes, like a cat, to every stranger to be caressed; and one bles. The next course consisted of bird's that kisses anybody and everybody, or makes merchandise of these commodities nest soup; and thirty-four dishes followed, among which were sharks' fins, a soup -exchanging them for candy and copmade of diminutive snails of the size of pers has need of an early grave as its small beans, which came from Lake Tahu, only safe refuge.

a ragout of ducks' tongues, fishes' brains Indiscriminate kissing of children leader wirh brown sauce, (a most disgusting to evil, and of late years there has been a dish to a European palate,) and puddings growing habit among our best people of baked in oil. Roast pork and ducks unwise kissing. Some of the best and were also served; these were eatable, and purest men and women I have known the fish was particularly well cooked, but have been in the habit of kissing as a sal-Herr von Fries came to the conclusion utation. It has always seemed to me a that the simplest European dish was pre- mistake, and it is one against which I ferable to the most elaborate delicacy have often protested, as "a custom more of the Chinese cuisine, and he says that honored in the breach than in the observafter dinner he felt as if he had eaten ance." In some cases it is, no doubt innocent. There can be little doubt that The best part of the entertainment was all the odium now darkening great names served towards the end of the dinner, ciety as innocent. If there had been no This is the only wine drank by the Chi- promisenous kissing, there would have nese; and only the wealthy can afford to been nothing worse; and the churches buy it, as a case costs from ten to fifteen which have fostered this should bear Mexican queats. Cigars were handed their share of the blame in spreading nets round after the soup, and it is the custom for the feet of feeble walkers. to go away directly after dinner It is also

-"Ms, when is a griddle-cake inhab ited?""Why,my dear, when there is a little Indian in it."

-"Did you ever see that picture, grand--A fashion editor says: "There is ma?" asked a young lady, as they took a something very pretty in ladies' gloves view of the family portrait gallery. See this season;" which is a handsome comit! Why it's a portrait of myself when I pliment

-"Meat me at the speling match a lecturing us girls about modesty in Muesic hall" was the invitation written dress." Grandma looked over her spec- probably by one who stepped down and tacles and declared the girls now-a-days out on the first round.

-A very little girl told her mamma be -A paper in Southern Illinois regrets tween the sobs resulting from her finger that it went to press "one day too early being jammed in a door the other day to record the death of John Bates." This that it took "all the air out of her."

said: "Just as we are going to press, John -A couple of Murray Hill girls won a pair of bracelets each by getting up a superb dinner, every dish of which was -Correctly don't seem like a hard there own cooking, while they served word ; yet they all go down because they it with inimitable grace. New York should be proud of them.



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